

Our Philosopher immediately took the Gold, and putting it into his Pocket, told the other he had now altered his Mind, and should bury it no more, till he found a Man more worthy of his Confidence. See what People lose by being dishonest. This calls to my Mind the Words of the Poet:

*A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief's a Rod,  
An honest Man's the noblest Work of God.*

Remember this Story, and take Care whom you trust; but don't be covetous, fordid and miserable; for the Gold we have is but lent us to do Good with. We received all from the Hand of God, and every Person in Distress hath a just Title to a Portion of it.

## A LETTER

A LETTER from the PRINTER, which he desires may be inserted.

SIR,

I Have done with your Copy, so you may return it to the *Vatican*, if you please; and pray tell Mr. *Angelo* to brush up the Cuts, that, in the next Edition, they may give us a good Impression.

The Forelight and Sagacity of Mrs. *Margery's* Dog calls to my Mind a Circumstance, which happened when I was a Boy. Some Gentlemen in the Place where I lived had been hunting, and were got under a great Tree to shelter themselves from a Thunder Storm; when a Dog that always followed one of the Gentlemen leaped up at his Horse several Times, and then ran away and barked. At last, the Gentlemen all followed to see what he would be at; and they were no sooner gone from the Tree, but it was shivered in Pieces by Lightning! 'Tis remarkable, that as soon as they came from the Tree, the Dog appeared to be very well satisfied, and barked no more. The Gentleman after this always regarded the Dog as his Friend, treated him in his Old Age